

## Remaining on the Court

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Summary: Staying on the court is a hard thing to do when you got someone who's a lot stronger than you. Sugawara is facing this problem right now, but even though he knows what's the right thing to do, he can't help the urge to play the sport he loves. He wanted to play with his teammates, he wanted to be on the court. But god isn't so friendly, or is he? ONESHOT.

## Remaining on the Court

**\*\*Before you go through this point, be WARNED! There will be slight spoilers from the manga, but it is really close to the anime. Those who have already read the manga or don't care, read on!\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>It hurt.<p>

Despite the fact that he knew what had to be done, it still hurt.

He was Karasuno's official setter, until he had entered. He was the one that was sent out during matches, he was the one that could make this team win and move forward.

He didn't hate Kageyama, not at all. In fact, it was actually reassuring to have an amazing setter on their side.

But-

Sugawara bit his lip in frustration as he watched Karasuno fight against Aoba Jousai.

He wanted to be out there, even if it was only for a little while.

...

Sugawara laid in the futon, staring at the ceiling as he thought about the day he had.

It was currently nighttime, and during the training camp that was supposed to level them up so they could be strong enough for the rapidly approaching Inter-High. Sugawara was completely, utterly exhausted from the training they did the entire day. He forced himself to stay awake though, there was still something to be done.

"Good night." He heard Daichi's voice before the lights were turned off, engulfing him in darkness.

Sugawara could have fallen asleep right there but he willed himself to stay awake in his futon. Waiting for a few minutes, he got up when he could hear the faint sounds of snores from Asahi and Daichi, the people he was sharing the room with. Grabbing a torch, his notebook and pencil, his hand started to move on the white sheet of paper.

He had been doing this for the many days that they were here. Writing down all the signs for volleyball so he could give it to Hinata and the other first years. He had a feeling they hadn't remembered the signs yet, so he thought he could write them down along with his own ones so it would be a lot easier during matches. After all, he wasn't like Kageyama who could send a quick and accurate toss without anything supporting him.

His hand stopped.

\_He wasn't like Kageyama.\_

Where did that come from?

He had already settled the matter the moment he saw Coach Ukai seeming to be troubled deciding on a setter for Karasuno. He had already decided to tell the coach the next day about his opinion, that Kageyama should be the official setter for their team. There was no reason to think about it now.

So why \_was\_ he thinking about that now? Kageyama was just a better setter than him, there was nothing wrong with that. He didn't have the amazing sense or amazing skills that the black haired setter did, nor did he have a strong weapon that could be the key to victory. Even if it wasn't that strong, he knew that he had his own weapon too, right? There was nothing wrong with him not being able to go and play in official matches just because Kageyama was just stronger, right?

So whyâ€

Why was he crying?

He didn't understand. Why were these tears coming? All of that had been settled, he shouldn't be mulling over something like this. His fist tightened as he tried to stop the oncoming tears. It was okay, everything's alrightâ€

But the tears refused to stop, instead only increasing.

Sugawara bit his lip harshly as he buried his face in his pillow,

trying to muffle the choked sobs that were escaping his throat. No, to be truly honest, it wasn't okay. Everything's not alright. He wanted to be out there, he wanted to be out in the court, playing with all of the team. He didn't want to sit back and just watch, he wanted to feel the rush of energy flowing through his body, the satisfaction of being able to clear a path in front of the spiker. He wanted to be there, at the place where everyone were when they won.

\_He wanted to play again.\_

That night, he couldn't do anything but stay like that until he had fallen asleep. Tears staining the white pillow and notebook sprawled out on the floor. The flashlight's battery was low, and it wasn't too long before the dim light vanished.

â€|\_I don't want to be sitting at the sidelinesâ€|\_

â€|

Sugawara took a deep breath as he stood up, body warmed up and ready to go.

Coach Ukai looked at him for confirmation, and he gave him a strong nod in response. Sugawara closed his eyes and attempted to calm his frazzled nerves as he imagined how the scene in front of him would play out.

\_Stay calm.\_

Determinedly, he took a step forward, holding a small sign with a number '9' on it.

The whistle blew as he held up the sign for them to see. Kageyama looked shocked, but it wasn't too long after he began to walk towards the gray-headed setter.

\_Keep your cool.\_

Sugawara traded with Kageyama as he spoke up, trying to comfort him a little. "Don't get depressed, this is just to change the rhythm a bit."

He took another deep breath as he stepped onto the court. Looking at all of the warm and familiar faces around him, Sugawara couldn't help but feel a rush of warmth engulfing him as he moved forward.

\_Hey, everyone.\_

He stood there, strong, as he gave everyone encouragement, whether it was a fist to the chest or a high five. He did something only he could do, and that made him feel a lot better than he was before. He remembered the night he had cried because of his weakness, but that seemed like a faraway memory. All that mattered was right in front of him.

\_I'm back.\_

He gave his team a bright, cheerful smile.

"It'll be fine! We'll break their streak in one go!"

Seeing the bright grins on his teammates' faces made him feel alive again.

He wasn't Kageyama, but he wasn't going to lose to the black haired teen either. He was going to fight with his own way and prove that he can be a weapon too. It didn't matter if he wasn't the same strength as the first year setter anymore.

Even though it was only for a short while, he was going to fight along with his teammates on the court.

That itself was enough for him to keep moving forward.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Sugaaaa-san! \*cries loudly while reading the manga\*<strong>

\*\*It was so sad! I felt so sad after reading the manga! The anime is also around this point now, so I thought I should write something for the guyâ€| I think despite what happened before, he's not going to lose to Kageyama. Don't get me wrong, I love Kageyama too but Suga-san made me want to cry.\*\*

\*\*So, this is for the white haired setter of Karasuno and how I think he feels. Good luck next time too Suga-san! I know you'll play again! \*\*

End  
file.